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INTER NOS

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Editorial

The March issue of **Inter Nos** is number 1 for 1955. It is Volume 7 in the annual history of our little quarterly.

We are happy to take this opportunity to thank our subscribers—some of them members of our Community, others personal relatives and friends, one of whom we feel should be recognized by name, Mrs. George Kassler, mother of two alumnae, who continued her subscription after her daughters had left the Mount.

The reader's interest in the essay by Catherine Kigami may be increased by the knowledge that the writer spoke little English when she enrolled as a Freshman two and a half years ago. Her article "I Remember Japan," (September 1954) gives her background, and reasons for her being selected for foreign study. Her two previous contributions to **Inter Nos** have both received favorable comment.

While in the Oriental area, we must not neglect Patricia Ching, of Chinese parentage, whose poems show the "heart cry" which Matthew Arnold insisted upon as the "touch stone" of real poetry.

Sister Hortensia's article stems from a request of Mrs. R. Calvert Haws, editor of "Confraternity Notes," that she give an insight to the adolescent character for the Confraternity teachers of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles who work in the released time program.

Sister M. Dolorosa

SPONSA CHRISTI

By Anne Whitlock

*What is it like to be
In love with Infinity?
Come, my child, and you shall see.*

*When the gold of the morning sun
Heralds a day begun,
To the spring of His Love I run
To drink—ecstatically.*

*What is it like to be
Wooed by Divinity?
Come, my child, and you shall see.*

*In the white of my bridal gown
Love chose me for His own;
But my soul at His kiss has flown
To black—humility.*

*What is it like to be
Wed to Eternity?
Come, my child, and you shall see.*

*Through the mist of a dark'ning night,
Clutching my vigil light,
I behold on the star-lit height
The Bridegroom—calling me!*

Happy Feast, St. Joseph

SPOUSE OF THE MOTHER OF GOD

By Sister Mary Dolorosa

"St. Joseph . . . being a just man" is Scripture's description of the great Saint whose feast we celebrate on March 19th. We read briefly of a few events in his life, told primarily because they form part of the history of the life of Christ our Saviour, but aside from the narrative, there is little direct comment, descriptive of the head of the Holy Family.

However, in the statement "St. Joseph . . . being a just man," St. Matthew covers the whole gamut of virtues proper to a great man. Among both Greeks and Hebrews the description "just" was all inclusive, but here is used with a moderation, lacking in those Greek philosophers who denied that there were degrees of either virtue or vice, one was wholly good or wholly wicked. In writing his Gospel St. Matthew used the Aramaic tongue, a Hebrew dialect, and the one, which linguists claim was the language spoken by Christ, and His followers from Galilee.

St. Joseph seldom emerges from the shadowy background of the pictured history in which Jesus and Mary are the outstanding figures. We see him as betrothed to Mary, as the staunch observer of the Rabbinic law, yet urged by his kind heart, determining "to put away privately" his beloved wife. His decision was rectified by the angel's word "Fear not Joseph, son of David, to take unto thee Mary, thy wife, for that which is conceived in her, is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Through this marvelous visit of the angel, it would seem, that for the first time Joseph was made aware that, of all the sons of David, he had been chosen as protector of the woman so long desired, who had been announced by the prophet Isaias (VIII, 11-14) to the wicked king, Achaz: "Hear ye therefore, O house of David . . . the Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel. (God with us)"

Great the reward of the "just man's" prudence; great the increase of the love and reverence he already bore for Mary, the little maiden of the Temple.

On St. Joseph's feast the Church, taking the Book of Wisdom, sings: "He sanctified him in his faith and meekness, and chose him out of all flesh." (Eccles. 45,4). And again, "The just shall spring as the lily: and shall flourish forever before the Lord" (Osee 14, 6).

The decree of Augustus Caesar was the second messenger God sent to Joseph, in obedience to whom he set out with Mary on the four day harassing journey to David's city, Bethlehem "to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child." Weary and homeless in the city of their royal ancestors, Joseph sought in vain for a shelter for the night. A poor man had no chance in those days, when a rich harvest could be gleaned by accommodating the wealthy with bed and board. "No room! No room" the answer at each door, until the Heavenly Father provided a birthplace for His Son.

And the angel announced to the shepherds "You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." And they (the shepherds) "found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in a manger."

Joseph again appears, when on the eighth day, as was the law to Jewish fathers, he circumcised the Child and gave Him the chosen name, Jesus.

The history next relates an order by an angel messenger, to "take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt," many miles further than the journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Joseph accomplishes his mission, provides for his family, among a strange, hostile people, and in God's good time, obeys His order to return to his own land. Prudently, he chooses a retired and scorned village, Nazareth, far removed from the treacheries of Herod's court.

Only once more the Scriptures mention the foster father's name, and here Mary shows her reverence for her faithful guardian. The scene is the three days' loss, that mystery of the Christ Child's voluntary separation from the two He loved best on earth, and His cryptic answer to His Mother's anxious query, "Behold, your Father and I have sought you, sorrowing." Joseph's presence during those three anguished days may have been the shield to keep Mary's heart from breaking. "Your Father and I"—Mary puts Joseph first and calls him by the tender name of Father. Sometime during the following eighteen years, Joseph died, supported in his last hour by the tenderness and prayers of Jesus and Mary. Rightly is he now regarded as the patron of a happy death.

When this occurred, is hidden among the many secrets of Joseph's life. It seems to have been before the public life of Jesus, as he nowhere appears in those scenes, and Mary is mentioned, as in company with Christ's brethren, i.e., His relatives. Probably Joseph's life was spared to his family until Jesus was old enough to provide for His Mother. No relics of the body of St. Joseph have ever appeared, nor are there claims to such. In heaven we shall see whether there is present an immortal, glorified body and soul of the humble foster father honored near Mary assumed into Heaven. The Church has not spoken and probably never will.

Devotion to this great Saint developed slowly in the early years of faith. To our own age was reserved the honor, conferred by Pope Leo XIII on St. Joseph, declaring him Patron of the Universal Church.

We may safely state, that when Christ's death had opened the gates of Heaven, there was no soul in Limbo as dear to Him as that of His foster Father. This reunion is expressed in a poem entitled "Limbo" by Sister Mary Ada, and found in *The Mary Book*, compiled by Sheed and Ward in 1950. Christ's coming is thus graphically announced:

*"An old, old prophet lifted
A shining face and said:
"He will be coming soon.
The Son of God is dead!
He died this afternoon."*

The poet goes on to tell the excitement aroused by this longed-for news,

*"Save one old man who seemed
Not even to have heard."*

One's guess would be that this old man is St. Joseph, as usual in the shadows. The poem continues to describe the joy of souls in adoration, and ends on a touchingly human note,

*"A silent man alone
Of all that throng
Found tongue—
Not any other.
Close to His heart
When the embrace was done,
Old Joseph said,
"How is your Mother,
How is your Mother, Son?"*

AFTER CHRISTMAS

By Sister Angela, S.N.

*The race of Christmas Week is run,
The money—all is spent.
Where are the carefully wrapped-up joys?
The paper and ribbon is rent
And cast aside, with those precious bows,
Into the past, where?, nobody knows.
Will next year bring them back again?
Even the crib will pass from the scene,
When the Magi have proffered their gold.*

We See What We Bring to See . . .

By Sister M. Hortensia

*From Confraternity Notes, Vol. III, No. 4, January 1955
Los Angeles, California*

Pedro was just an ordinary gardener; however, what made him extraordinary was a love for plants within his heart and a knowledge of growing things in his soul. Once, he transplanted a tree—an eight-foot pole bereft of leaf and with knotty projections where branches had been—and placed it in the center of a patio. Time after time Sister had asked Pedro to remove the unsightly stick, but after scratching the bark with his pen-knife, his patient answer was always, "Madre, it has life." After two years the pole gave witness to his faith—the fronds of the lovely jacaranda came forth. The barren, knotty, erect shaft that gradually brought forth beauty is not unlike the adolescent.

Adolescence is a beautiful, a strong, and a challenging word. Beauty is in the euphony of its quiet vowels and liquid consonants; strength resides in the steady growth which it implies; and since sturdy growth entails cultivation, pruning, and harvesting, the word projects a challenge.

Adolescence is a beautiful word. Its quiet, liquid movement is akin to the sap that gives life to the tree, often unrecognized so that only the expert gardener is sure that it is still performing its essential function. The sap is a symbol of the thinking of the adolescent, uncertain and immature in its progress toward adulthood, yet always there even when the conduct of the adolescent would cause one to doubt its existence. The adult with expert understanding of youth will know that it is there.

Adolescence is a strong word. The fluctuating, unpredictable, annoying, and often—to the adult—unexplainable aberrations in the conduct of the adolescent are an indication of his determination to grow into adulthood in spite of temporary failures. He progresses unevenly in each phase of his character development but the essential fact *how he thinks*, operating at different levels at times, both *continues* and *does* progress. To go back to our analogy, for two years all that was unlovely in Pedro's tree met the eye but he knew all the time that the sap was there. Its flow altered with the seasons, but the sap flowed—"Madre, it has life." The teacher of the adolescent must have the faith in him, and the hope in him that Pedro had in his tree.

Once the adolescent recognizes that independence is a mark of adulthood, then the true skill of the teacher-gardener is tested. The soil of past knowledge and experience must be cultivated in order

What, then, is adolescence? It is the major transition period in the ing be preserved; emotional thinking must be directed into more solid channels and behavior curtailed when necessary; the pupil's sound viewpoints should be recognized and encouraged by the adult —by these means the adolescent is guided in using his developing independence to assume personal responsibility for his actions. Adolescence is indeed a challenging word.

What, then, is adolescence? It is the major transition period in the life of an individual, extending roughly from the twelfth to the twenty-fifth year, when through a gradual process of growth and development he becomes an adult. He is said to be *mature*; and, just as the fruit of a tree is ready for use when it is ripe, the adolescent, equipped physically, mentally, emotionally, socially, morally, and religiously, is prepared to commence to live life. St. Thomas of Aquin¹ terms the years twenty-five to fifty as "youth" on the grounds that one does not *know* until he has *had experience of living* knowledge. A glance at the ages of our Popes since 1700, of great leaders and educators, substantiate in a practical way St. Thomas' thesis. He uses the word "mature" for the ages between fifty and seventy. It is possible that downgrading the term "mature" to the twenty-fifth year may be responsible for adult blunders in adolescent education. If terms are adopted without clear definition, concepts are confused, and thinking becomes fuddled. "Mature" in regard to adolescent psychology means the adequate integration of the facets of human personality to the degree that one is self-directive in meeting the problems of day-by-day living.

Maturation in the chronological and physical order are self-evident and at this time will not be considered apart from the whole child. Emotional, social, moral, and religious maturity is attained through the guidance of the intellect which is the soul thinking. The essence of the adolescent's education lies in *how he thinks*.

Who is this adolescent? He is a person who evolves from childhood with an aggregate of physical and mental habits and an elementary knowledge which, with parental and other guidance, have been satisfactory for living a normal life. He who celebrated the conventional birthday yesterday and is a "teen-ager" today is the same child. Many of his habits and much of his knowledge are assets for his whole life and need to be retained; others, "the things of a child" must be discarded. Due largely to his physiological development, the adolescent is more aware of his emotions which heretofore have been trained externally rather than directed intrinsically. He needs *more guidance* rather than imposed discipline in order to become self-directive in his behavior. The instructed Catholic youth has a good background in moral values and has put these values into practice with a consonance varied by the amount of religious instruction and correspondence to grace.

¹St. Thomas did not make this division, but made his own a very old tradition, according to which the life of man is divided into six ages.

The picture for the adolescent educated in the public school, and with whom the Confraternity teacher is primarily working, is somewhat different. *How he thinks* is not only the major issue but also a delicate problem. He has not been living in a Catholic climate; Catholicism is a culture, a way of life and not a subject. Religion is not a part of the public school pupil's daily living experience as it is for the pupil attending the Catholic high school.

Released-time and Chi-Rho clubs make of religion either an elective subject or an extra-curricular activity. In other learning areas adolescents usually make a selection on the basis of emotional attraction and high interest value; however, too often youth attend religion classes as a result of parental or similar pressures which rob them of the element of free-choice on the part of the individual. Therein lies the crux of the challenge to the Confraternity teacher. All of his understanding, ingenuity, knowledge, and skill is needed to make classes interesting and attractive and thus draw to the Source of life this adolescent idealist, eager with his zest for life and the will to grow up and participate in the whole of living.

What is the role of the Confraternity teacher? To win the adolescent to a love, knowledge, and practice of his holy religion in his daily living. How this knowledge is acquired and its practice encouraged in the pupil will determine the degree of love which will motivate him to carry on the learning that he has assimilated in your classroom. Method is rather important at this age level—one that attracts and interests a person but in no way supplies soft pedagogy. What type of method does attract the high-school pupil of today? He is moving toward adulthood and its earmarks are independent thinking and responsibility for actions; the pupil wants to *think* through his problems and be *guided* in decisions, not *told*. The methods used in high schools today attempt to attain these two objectives. True, teaching religion is different. There is the fact of Faith and Dogma, but too long have we been teaching the more mature pupil that "a mystery is a truth that we cannot fully understand" with the emphasis on *cannot* instead of *fully*. Frank Sheed in his *THEOLOGY AND SANITY* clarifies well this point. Briefly, the approach that the high-school pupil is accustomed to in his other studies is 1) a statement of the problem, 2) reading from the text and collateral assignments to find data (pro and con) about the problem; 3) discussion and evaluation of the data, and 4) conclusion and definition. How can this be done in a Confraternity class meeting once a week? An example—say that you are beginning to teach the Dogma of the Holy Trinity, and have a class of twenty pupils. State the Dogma and problem to the whole class:

Dogma. Three Persons, really distinct and equal exist in One Divine Nature.

Problem. Not mathematical; it centers around the meaning of *person* and *nature*.

Five minutes is sufficient for this. Then divide the class into four groups and have a book for each group and an assigned oral reader; let the other members in each group take such notes as will clarify the two terms. The books may be an unabridged dictionary for one group, a Catholic encyclopedia for another, *THEOLOGY AND SANITY* (an excellent chapter on the Trinity) for a third, and so on. Call them together at the end of fifteen minutes and list, discuss, and evaluate their thinking, guiding them all the time to the correct conclusion that *person* is *who* you are, and *nature* is what you are. Background for the teacher can be found in T. H. Hesburgh, C.S.C. *GOD AND THE WORLD OF MAN*, Frank Sheed *THEOLOGY AND SANITY*, and Jone and Adelman *MORAL THEOLOGY* (the section on Faith is essential for background as well as the chapter on the same subject in Father Hesburgh's text), Father Lord, *SOME NOTES ON THE GUIDANCE OF YOUTH*.

The above teacher-learning situation is merely suggestive but it has some advantages which appeal to high school pupils:

1. It recognizes his academic status.
2. Methods are similar to those used for the regular courses in school, and so help to lift religion out of the "extra-curricular" class.
3. More interest and stimulation is engendered and hence more study—they will even carry on during the week for our youth are concerned about religion.
4. The teacher becomes better informed and his classes more challenging and interesting.

"We see what we bring to see." The adolescent as presented by our different media of communication is too often a potential delinquent. To the parent and true educator he is a child of God and heir to the Kingdom of Heaven. The Confraternity teacher has a whole new world to offer these pupils, knowledge to satisfy his progress toward more adult thinking and living, method to bridge the gap between the adult and adolescent mind, and understanding and love to insure the hoped-for results. With the Holy Spirit enlightening and guiding the teacher and pupil, real learning will take place. Yet, knowledge of, and faith and hope in the adolescent as a person is essential. To express all this there is a term, so rich in connotation that translation beggars it,—Pedro would say, "Simpatico, Madre."

The Old Castle Town

By Catherine Kigami

V. S. S.

*Let us go! Let us go on that narrow path.
Where is this narrow path going?
This path is going to a shrine.
May we pass here then?
No ma'am if you don't have any reasons.
I want to go to the shrine to thank God
For my little girl's seventh birthday.
We passed a guard station on our way.
This is good, this is good,
Although we are afraid on our way home.*

The children of my town love this song and play it best of all in their recreation. This game resembles the English "London Bridge is Falling Down." You are probably wondering why I am going to tell you about this song, since it is like the "London Bridge is Falling Down."

In the resonant voice of a few cherubs the song is spread over a wild, wild field; the new-growing grasses spread like green rugs all over are swaying very gently in the breath of spring air, as if they are following the rhythms of the little song. When six o'clock comes, the striking of the temple bells tells us that the day is going to end. And all the people—adults who are working on the farm, adults who are working in the factory, adults who are working at the company, are getting busy to go home. And even playing children are singing:

*The sunset sky, the golden color,
The emerald sky going away,
The temple bell of the mountain strikes,
Telling children the day is gone,
Let us go home hand in hand,
Let us go home with the sparrows.*

*Everyone went to his own home,
Under fullcircle of the moon,
When the little birds have a dream,
The twinkling stars in the sky,
Various diamonds surround the moon.*

Soon, only an old castle, a remnant of the brave warriors of the ancient period is rising to the sunset colors in the sky. And everything is going to rest, thanking God for that day. At six o'clock in

the morning, again the temple bell awakens us, and here the new day begins. This is my home land, the old castle town, Sonobe.

Sonobe was the old castle town; there are many, many events and monuments remaining of the older times and the grandchildren of (feudal) lords, and noblemen, are still living in a palace, even though they live very sorrowfully in this materialistic world. I often picture the noblemen, as in the following verses:

*White cloud is covering sky,
The new-growing grasses like a rug,
Around the old castle in Sonobe,
There is a nobleman, set in sorrowful looking face.*

*When the sun is setting
We cannot see the mount of god,
The drifting waves of the stream,
The blowing horn in sorrowful sound,*

*He was as such yesterday,
He is as such today,
What his thinking of his life?
He thinks only for tomorrow.*

*He came down to the valley,
There was glory and falls of the wars,
When he sees the water in there,
The water is turned around with the sand.*

*Oh! the old castle of Sonobe,
What you tell him, what you talk?
And the waves of the shore, what you answer?
Think! the past hundred as yesterday.*

*The old castle town in the mist,
The early spring water runs,
There is a nobleman walking around,
Telling his sorrow to the shore.*

In the day time of Sonobe, the castle, the castle-walls, and the palace are clear, wonderful skies have held and still hold their history. But please do not think that Sonobe looks old.

Now, you can see very briefly what my home town is like. Can't you? So, let me tell you how the song, which the children were singing, is connected with my town, although the children are not conscious of it, since this song is familiar to us for so long a time. What I will tell you may be factual or may be fascinating fancy. But who will not enjoy the story anyway?

Perhaps the song comes from a thousand years ago, that most glorious age of the Kyoto Dynasty, which we call Haian (peace) period. Around this age we did not have automobiles or any transportation, except sedan chairs. Each town had guard stations which examined every traveler who wanted to pass between different (feudal) clans, like the immigration office at present. If the travelers had not any particular reason they could not pass between the clans, and the same can be said about their return trip; if they wanted to pass, they were asked the same questions as before. In the song, the answer to the question is "I want to go to the shrine to thank God for my little girl's seventh birthday."

You see, in Japan on our one month, seventh year, and thirteenth year birthdays, we have an obligation to go to the shrine to thank God and ask more grace of God, and also to receive some ceremony from a priest. This is very like Baptism, First Communion, and Confirmation, among American Catholics. So if we say to the guard station officer, that we are going to a shrine for our child's seventh birthday, we can pass the station without any argument, because it is imperative that we do so. This might be of interest to you, since in the Catholic faith, you wear the white veil and dress when you have the First Communion. We also have a special costume that is worn on this day.

A month after one's birth, the baby's forehead is marked with a big letter which signifies grow up strong without any trouble. At that time, the baby wears a long black Kimono (Japanese dress) with silver, gold and white colors, pine tree, bamboo and peach-blossom designs. Each of these trees symbolizes long life (from evergreen trees) and beauty (from the peach-blossom). If I say beauty of the peach-blossom, you may think that cherry-blossoms are prettier than the peach-blossoms. Perhaps this is true, but have you noticed that it is equally beautiful in different circumstances? The cherry-blossom is not pretty if we see just a tree; it is pretty when we see quantities of trees. But the peach-blossom is pretty for quality. Also, a cherry-blossom lasts a very short time and falls easily, but not the peach-blossom. Further, the peach-blossom is a symbol of man, as a god, hence a symbol of the shrine. Finally we use the peach-blossom, because of *Sugahara Michizane*.

Sugahara Michizane is a man who lived as a god and is apotheosized in the shrine; we pray to him to take our prayers to God. This is like when we are praying to Saints. When he was alive, *Sugahara Michizane* liked the peach-blossom very much, and he spent a lot of time with it. The Uda Emperor (894 A.D.) liked *Sugahara Michizane* very much and so he used him as his personal attendant; but when Emperor Uda died, the next Emperor Sadaigo (907 A.D.) exiled *Sugahara Michizane* as punishment, because of jealousy. At that time, *Sugahara Michizane* made a song about "Please send me my small, dear peach-blossom, if the wind comes this way. Please

do not forget me although I am not by your side." After his death, each shrine planted the peach-blossom and it is used for something good.

At the seventh birthday visit to the shrine, the child wears a children's style Kimono, which is very different from the baby's Kimono. The long sleeves almost touch the ground. The sash is tied and has at the back a big butterfly bow made of silver and gold thread on red material. The boy wears also a long sleeved kimono with a long skirt which has box pleats. This we call *Hakama*. These are all of black silk material with the white crest of his house. Those costumes are very pretty and all children really want to wear them everyday, but they can wear it once only, for the seventh birthday. Therefore those costumes are very precious to the children in Japan.

When the children reach thirteen years, both boys and girls change to wearing the adult style kimono, and now they are part of the adults' world. But this time they are not going to their local shrine, but to the biggest temple in Kyoto.

Does this make you see the background of the song and how this is connected with our customs in the old castle town? When I close my eyes and think of my town always, dearly, clearly, and deeply the scene remains in my mind as if what I have told you had happened yesterday. I am longing for my old castle town that I had once.—Sonobe.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

By Sister Angela, S.N.

*Have you happily vacationated?
Are you really, truly renovated?
Perhaps you deeply excavated
Precious heirlooms and got dated,
You feel so very highly rated*

*New Year wishes are belated
Every student stimulated
Wished she hadn't abdicated*

*You just never calculated
Even why you felt elated
At the thought of class not slated
Returning's much more funindated.*

Elizabeth Moves

By Patricia Fitzgerald

Daddy and Mother and Susan Katherine and she were moving. "It's only ten miles from the Tenny Reserve" (Daddy), and "It's a pretty town" (Mother). Even Susan Katherine thought it was fun. Elizabeth watched mashed carrots spill from the smiling mouth of her baby sister as Mother told Susan Katherine about a play porch and the blue walls in the nursery. Daddy never looked cross lately, and Elizabeth saw the sparkle in Mother's eyes when she talked about the new place.

Elizabeth fingered a thick, silky braid and frowned; after all—hadn't she spent all her life here—she frowned again. Next year she'd be in fourth grade. She clicked her teeth together. Next year she would be through wearing braces; she drew her lips tight across her mouth. Next year she was riding to school with Miranda. All Elizabeth wanted was to be like Miranda, who was her best friend.

Miranda was going into the *fifth* grade. She lived in the white and green house next door. Elizabeth's mother said she spent more time at Miranda's house than at her own, and wasn't her welcome wearing out? Elizabeth imitated Miranda in every way that she could and listened for hours to her friend's multiplication tables, which were awfully hard, and to descriptions of the Easter dress Miranda wanted.

Of course, Miranda didn't always want Elizabeth around. Sometimes, friends who were Miranda's own age came over to play with her. Then Elizabeth was sulky. She would pout at dinner, telling Mother that she liked only mashed potatoes—fried potatoes were awful, and telling Susan Katherine to PLEASE be quiet.

After dinner she would go upstairs, being sure to close her door so that it made a loud noise. She would carry her rag cats to the window seat, giving them each fierce hugs, and arrange them carefully. They would all face the house across the street.

It was a big house, very big—why, Miranda said it was the biggest house in town. Elizabeth would sit without moving and stare at the bushes and vines that covered the front porches, and the brown side walls, with doors and windows that were never open. Only two people lived there, Miss Annie and Miss Violet. Once Elizabeth had heard her Mother say, that the two sisters didn't pay any visits, even though she had called three times at their house for the Community Chest. Miranda had seen the sisters twice; Elizabeth had seen only Miss Violet who looked small and grey.

Sometimes while watching the house Elizabeth fell asleep on the

window seat. When she woke up, her Father's strong arms would be lifting her into bed. Her Mother would kiss her and she felt so warm. She forgot that Miranda hadn't played with her all day. A mumbled "love you" would come from her sleep-thick lips and she would be asleep.

Now as Elizabeth sat in the window seat to look at the big house, she thought, "I bet I'll never see it again." Uncurling her legs slowly and re-tying her shoelaces—Mother *would* insist on oxfords—she would slowly go downstairs.

Downstairs it was even worse. Elizabeth could see things being made ready to go. Some were already in the boxes. Fat men in brown suits who shouted, "Hey, you" at her, and told her "Watch out or yer'll git hurt" came every day to take something away. They were always bumping walls or rattling cartons. She hated their long red vans.

The first thing the movers took was Elizabeth's piano. Miranda thought the piano was too old to have a very good tone; why didn't Liz's family buy a new one? Elizabeth only nodded, shrugging her shoulders.

Elizabeth called her piano "George," just as she called her rag cats "George," and her paper dolls "George," and the rabbits she'd had to give away, all "George." Since she was five, Elizabeth had taken piano lessons. She loved to play, and practiced every day. When Miranda was there, she would fidget while Elizabeth played. She would say "You must have been ages learning that one."

Then the brown-suited men took Susan Katherine's high chair, Mother's sewing machine, and all the porch furniture. The house was funny looking.

Before she left, Elizabeth wanted to play with Miranda often, because she would miss her more than anyone else. Miranda, however, was always with Cathy Skills who was in 6-B and lived on Cherry Street. Elizabeth didn't know Cathy Skills.

On the last day Elizabeth cried until her stomach ached and her eyes were puffy. She said goodbye to Miranda who said, "Will you be coming to visit?" Elizabeth knew she would not.

Miss Violet came to call on Mother, to tell her she was sorry Elizabeth was moving. She said she would miss watching her hop-scotch games and hearing her music. Elizabeth looked at her feet. Gosh, Miss Violet listened to her play. Elizabeth wondered if she liked the "Minute Waltz," and if she could see Elizabeth watching from the window seat.

Then they were on their way. Her parents said the trip was a short one, but to Elizabeth it seemed to go on for many hot, sticky

hours. When at last they arrived and turned down a strange street, it was late afternoon and the sun had made Susan Katherine sleepy.

Elizabeth, however, was wide awake as she peered through the car window at the house, Mother pointed out. The turned into a driveway and stopped; the family piled out of the stuffy car. Mother carried the baby inside to her crib; Father took Elizabeth's hand and followed.

"This way to *your* room, Elizabeth," he said. They climbed stairs to a front bedroom where Elizabeth's wide eyes took in the bay window. Her father stood back and watched her glance circle the room with its dotted swiss curtains and flowered wallpaper and come to a halt at—her piano! "In *my* room," were her startled words. Then Elizabeth turned from her father, suddenly wondering what was downstairs—everywhere!

"I'll be right back, Daddy," she called. Then, from the stairway, she saw it.

A piano, a golden brown spinet piano, stood in the living room. Elizabeth slowly walked down the stairs and to the piano bench. She fingered the case. She would play it later, at just the right moment.

Slowly Elizabeth walked outside. She wanted to hold everything inside of her for a minute; she wanted to think about it. As she reached the gate, she saw a girl in the neighboring yard. The girl wore a yellow dress and brown oxfords. She had one of the friendliest smiles Elizabeth had ever seen, even though a tooth was missing. "Hello, we just moved in," Elizabeth gulped.

"Hi!" exclaimed the girl with a grin.

"I wonder if she likes music," Elizabeth thought, skipping toward her.

ALII

By Pat Ching

*O my father,
 Wake to the silences of our love.
 There were many, in our bell-days,
 When pink hands opened for the tinkling mobile
 Blossoming in the banyan.
 At that time, the sweetness of one, though not of you,
 Was such that set your love quietly spilling.
 Under these skies, my father, the white peace of Hauula¹
 Was ours. You taught me
 The dance of the one-eyed crab,
 The dance of iliko², flashing between sun and sea,
 The pose of he'e³, hanging spider-like in the depths.
 Mostly you taught me the call of the conch—
 Voice of our sea, sea of our love.
 Smilingly, you followed the dancing daughter;
 The sun shone warmly on you, my father,
 With shoulders of mahogany and head like glistening lava . . .*

*But warped like driftwood on the bay of Hauula,
 A remnant—twisted, stark.
 Then came the silences of shame, sting of young blood.
 The bells are ringing loudly and grandly
 Down to the sea. That scurrying figure . . .
 No dancing, no flashing mermaid. She fears
 Your slow, uneven hobble, father,
 And unseeingly hurries on.
 Oh, the bells echoed grandly, of a Sunday morning,
 For the old man of the hill . . .
 The dances are long gone; the melody dies.
 Too long, you have witnessed the fading figure.
 Oh my father, shall I forget too the rain sweeping seaward,
 The night whisper of palms?
 Sleep now, my father, with the kiss of the mermaid.
 Sleep, o warrior-alii, with the shoulders of mahogany
 And hair like the white sands of Hauula.*

¹Hauula—a white-sanded bay on the windward side of Oahu, ²Iliko—small, silvery fish, ³He'e—octopus, ⁴Alii—king, noble.

Abuelita¹

By Margaret Cain

Hot, brilliant light poured into the little kitchen, blazoning gourds into scarlet life, stirring a few frenzied particles of dust, playing with the dried peppers hung in gaudy rows above the little stove, and stripping the shadows from the worn table. Old Maria shaded her eyes against the glare.

"Diablo," she muttered. "It makes another hot day."

She pulled the curtains against the brightness and moved slowly to the cupboard, her shriveled body straight and small in the faded dress that hung from her shoulders. With a sigh-like sound, the cupboard door swung open and Maria reached up, taking two cups, two plates. "Diablo," she whispered again, hastily shoving back one of each. "It is hard to eat alone. But old women must learn to eat alone. It is the way of life." Once she was never alone. . . . Sometimes in the evening she would remember the old songs and try to hum them, but old voices should not sing young songs. Sometimes Manuel sang for her. Ah, he was so funny, with his jokes and his songs—Manuel! The old hand trembled with the silver.

I must hurry, Maria thought. I must not be late.

There was time and plenty to do the few dishes, straighten the little house, and roll the tortillas for the evening meal—round and thin as a leaf. Then she slipped into the good dress and lifted the lace mantilla from the drawer where it lay folded. She smoothed a wrinkled finger over its sheer intricacy with a dry old laugh of pleasure. Manuel hated to see her wear it. "Abuelita," he'd tease her, "wear a hat and look civilized." No, Manuelito, she silently addressed her grandson. Not today.

Then there was the bundle with Manuel's things, that she had packed last night, and Maria was ready to step out the door.

The world seemed naked this morning in the malicious white light. Houses, peeling gray, cringed under slumped pepper trees. Everything is too bright, thought Maria, too blue and orange and white and green, like a badly painted poster. But it was days like this that Manuel loved, and his skin grew dark from the sun each summer. Would it grow pale now?

She walked along in the gnashing heat. Dun-colored mongrels rooted around fences tipping drunkenly toward the street. Dusty children dashed past her in long black braids and faded blue jeans, with runny noses and skinned elbows. When I was young, children

¹Little Grandmother.

were gay, thought old Maria. Now they are just noisy. Her cracked shoes made a noise on the pavement like a whisper.

A horn rasped suddenly, sharply, grating the lining of her thoughts, and an old car grumbled by, painted violent red. Maria winced when she saw the moon-face of Pancho Lopez hanging from its window. Oh, that silly grin, and not a thought in his head except food and girls. So much more stupid than Manuel.

"Mrs. Peralta," he called, and the car swooped dangerously close to the curb, jerking to a stop that shook all its parts. Maria looked at him warily. What did the child of an idiot have to say now?

"Señora, how is Manuel?" he began eagerly, then stopped.

"Manuel is fine," she answered shortly, with dignity.

"I just meant—we're all . . . I mean . . . hope everything . . . uh, well . . . I mean . . . dirty shame anyway . . ."

Al Rosas was sitting at the other side of the car, his face turned, dusky and secret, ignoring his friend's embarrassment. He flicked the tip of his cigarette with his fingernail.

Maria waited.

"Well, uh, like a ride, Mrs. Peralta?"

His face was very close to hers. She noticed that his eyebrows straggled across the bridge of his nose. But he's only stupid, she thought. Not bad, not cold and dangerous like Al Rosas.

Al Rosas is the smart one, the one who never gets caught. But Pancho did not get caught either. And Manuel is much more smart than Pancho.

"No, gracias, I am not going far."

The car shot off with a great noise and much smoke. Manuel had helped Pancho to fix it so that it would make the noise. But the smoke had defeated both of them. Maria did not understand why it was necessary to have the noise. Perhaps it was to prove that the car really goes.

A boy swooped by on a bicycle, and plump, dark women came out of sad-eyed houses to sit on front steps and fan their moist faces. Old Maria shuffled on.

Now she approached Rosa's Cafe, on the edge of the Mexican town, a squat, square building with faded beer and cola advertisements on its window and greasy booths inside hieroglyphiced with carvings. Here the boys and girls gathered—taut, withdrawn youths with hair a little too long at the backs of their necks, and knives in their levis, and the girls with too many curls and too much makeup.

Eddie Aguilar was standing outside the cafe in a breath of shade under its awning. Even in the heat he wore the leather jacket, dark and bulky. He was alone, and his hulking body seemed sudden-

ly bent and distorted in the heat waves. She wondered why he was alone and why he stood in the heat, still and bent. He began tossing a coin into the air, catching it in one cupped palm and returning it to the other. It dropped glinting to the ground, and he stooped to pick it up. As he straightened, his eyes met those of old Maria. He looked away and Maria passed him silently. She did not look back to see if he was still standing dark and alone under the awning, or if he had gone into the cafe.

Perhaps soon Pancho and Al would come by in their car and he would climb in, still silent, and they would go off somewhere. She had never known where they went in that car. She used to ask Manuel, and he would say, "Oh, just out," and make a gesture with his hand suggesting some great shadowy world beyond her vision.

She passed the very ends of the town, the old deserted street cars, rusty, and curtained now with limp scraps of material, discouraged flowers growing around their wheels. Very poor people lived in these, like Mrs. Rios, who was waving to her from the clothesline—Mrs. Rios, with a sick husband and so many children, who wore the same dirty garments, day after day—even slept in them, Maria supposed. The children were thin, and whined. Too, there were people like Big Tomas, who lived here simply because there was no rent to pay, and no utility bills, and he had few needs, just a bed to sleep in, and an old wood stove to keep him warm.

The air smelled of refuse from the dump across the road, but she was past it now and into the American neighborhood—a poor one, almost as poor as Mexican town, but not quite. There were sidewalks here.

A car passed her, and the woman driving it waved to Maria. It was Mrs. Cramer, and the car was the new one with the dent in the fender she had made parking too hastily. Mrs. Cramer was so funny a lady, with her rushing here and rushing there. Maria, so slow in her ways, often watched her with wonder; and Mrs. Cramer, watching Maria trace carefully with her iron the sleeve of a ruffled blouse, would exclaim, "I declare, Maria, you amaze me, you're so patient." Truly though, Mrs. Cramer was a good lady, and Maria liked her. After Jacinto was hurt in the legs and could not work any longer, it had made him angry that Maria must support him, but who could help it? So Maria went to work for the American ladies, cleaning and washing, and a little cooking perhaps. Jacinto was dead, but she still worked for them, for now there was Manuel. The American ladies were good, most of them, though a little foolish. Well, the ladies would not see old Maria today.

Almost to town now, almost. The streets were a little wider in this section of town, a little neater, and street lights sprouted every hundred feet. Now she had come to the shopping district, facing

rows of old brick buildings, lately modernized with big windows to show all the wares inside, the reflection of her figure passing over them like a graceful ghost. It must be the Dollar Day, she thought, looking nervously at the crowds swarming the sidewalks, the orange ranchers in for the day, the high school kids, the window shoppers and bargain hunters. They pushed past, oblivious to the small figure, drab, faintly smelling with an odor of garlic fixed in her body through years.

The police station was on a side street, green and tree-shaded, away from the brisk cheeriness of the shopping center. It was a small building and a little shabby. Maria slowly climbed its steps, grunting a little under her breath at the arthritic pains shooting through her back. She stopped at the door and looked around, wondering if anyone was watching, saying to themselves, "What shameful thing has happened to Maria Peralta? Why is she going in the door of the police station?"

She shuddered in spite of herself as she pushed open the heavy front doors, and walked down the soiled corridor, brightened only by an occasional light-bulb hanging from its ceiling, the smell of smoke clinging to the cracked walls. At the end of the corridor was the desk of the sergeant. He was looking at her. She was not quite so afraid of him this time, even though his uniform was big and blue, and his manner stern and professional.

"Mrs. Peralta," he said, rather than asked. "Down the hall and to your right."

"Gracias, señor."

She turned, feeling as she did the cold grow inside her. "Wait," somebody called. She stopped and looked around casually, in case the voice were addressed to someone else. But no, there was no one else in the hall, and so she waited until the young man to whom the voice belonged ran up to her.

She had seen him here before, with Manuel. The young man had been talking slowly and earnestly, while Manuel had shifted in his seat.

"May I talk to you a moment, Mrs. Peralta?" he asked her, still trying to catch his breath.

"Certainly, señor."

"Come into this room, please," he said, and opened a door.

It was an ordinary sort of room with a desk and some chairs. The young man offered her a seat and started to sit down at the desk, then looked at her quickly and drew a chair to her side.

He was very thin. His pale face was shiny and damp and his large eyes blinked nervously behind horn-rimmed glasses.

"I won't keep you, Mrs. Peralta. I know you want to visit your grandson."

"Yes." She looked at him questioningly.

"I am Henry Gonzales, from the Juvenile Office. I would like first to apologize. There has been no room in Juvenile Hall, and that is why we have been forced to keep your grandson here."

He seemed to feel very bad about it. Maria made a deprecating gesture.

"Really, facilities are very bad—so crowded—" He paused.

Did he have to keep apologizing?

"Now, I have been assigned by the Juvenile Authorities to Help you and Manuel. I am a Social Worker." He seemed to be capitalizing his words.

"Yes, señor."

"We would like to know something of Manuel's background. His parents are dead?"

"Yes."

"Automobile accident, I understand."

"Yes, señor."

"Now, you have raised your grandson, and you are responsible for him?"

"Yes. I—have raised him."

"Now, has Manuel ever been in any trouble before?"

She stiffened and felt her heart tighten. "My grandson is a good boy. He has always been a good boy." Till now, Manuel.

The eyes blinked mournfully at her as if trying to read her own.

"Manuel is quite bright, we've found from his intelligence tests."

A priest, the sisters said when he graduated from the Catholic grammar school.

"That didn't do it though," he murmured. "What about sports?"

"Manuel had the—how do you say it—rheumatic fever when he was small, and so—" she shrugged her shoulders.

His damp gaze bothered her.

"I'm very interested in boys like Manuel." He leaned toward her. "Very interested."

She nodded, still waiting.

"There's something about teenagers—an urge to be average. Boys like Manuel—Mexican-American—they're different to begin with. They can make it maybe by sports—the average, I mean, the being accepted, finding a place. It gives them a reason for trying. If they're smart at schoolwork, that's an incentive. The unusual boy makes it on the strength of his own personality. But most of them don't make that—average. So they fall back to one they can get—sometimes the wrong one."

His forehead looked moister.

"It's just a case of adjusting, I guess. Some of them don't know how. Like Manuel."

Manuel is supposed to adjust then? That is the word for why he has done this sin? That is why he is in this place? . . . What happened to you, Henry Gonzales? Did you adjust?

"I am sorry, but I do not understand all these words about adjusting. I have tried to teach Manuel to be a good boy, but I guess I did not do so well. I think if I had taught him right to be a good boy, there would be no talk of adjusting." She continued politely, "I am glad to know that you are interested in my grandson."

She felt herself running her hand over the scar on her cheek, and drew it away quickly. Manuel had wanted so much to play with the kite. But it was raining, and she had told him that he must wait until he could go outside. He had taken it when she was not looking and run through the house with it and it had brushed against the flame of the stove. She had been frightened and snatched it from him, quickly. Now she felt foolish to be fingering the ugly place where the burn had been.

Should I ask him?

As long as I do not know I can still think maybe . . .

I will not ask him.

Do I dare?

"Señor Gonzales, what—what will happen to Manuel?"

A door slammed somewhere down the hall, and a fly buzzed against the window.

"Manuel stole a car, Mrs. Peralta. He resisted arrest. Now—it will depend—on a great number of things. The report of the Juvenile office. The decision of the judge. I'm afraid Manuel will be sent to an institution for the correction and rehabilitation of delinquent boys."

"It is not the reform school, then. I have heard of that. It is bad, no?"

"Well—in a way this is like a reform school. I guess you can call it that."

It is so very hot, I cannot think.

"There will be good teachers. He will learn a trade."

Shall I be proud, that my grandson will learn a trade—in the reform school?

"Yes," she said almost absentmindedly.

There were some papers then to sign, and finally she was finished. But she must find Manuel.

There was a thought about him that had slid by her back there. She must take time to find it, but not now. Here was the door.

Inside was a dusty, bare room with a policeman standing fierce and tall and blue at the other door. Manuel was sitting on a chair in the middle of the room between her and the policeman, looking so small, so young. There was a girl with him. Maria had never seen

her before. Manuel's eyes were warm and bright and angry a little as he talked to the girl. Then he looked up and saw old Maria.

"Grandmother," Manuel said awkwardly, stiffly. "I would like to present to you Dolores Garcia."

Was this that one Manuel called his "girl friend?" She seemed to Maria just like the rest of the girls who walked by the little house in the mornings on their way to school—a cheap gabardine skirt tight on her narrow hips and a flimsy nylon blouse tucked at the waist into a wide elastic belt, black hair streaked blonde, lips smeared wide and red belying the young unsureness of her eyes.

Hmph, thought Maria. Manuel can do better than this.

"Mucho gusto. If you will excuse us, my grandson and I must talk together." With a flick of her head, Maria dismissed this Dolores Garcia.

"A moment, if you please, Mrs. Peralta. I must tell you something." The girl's speech was harsh and slovenly, but she seemed in earnest.

"Yes?"

"You must not blame Manuel for this—"

"Dolores—" Manuel half shouted, his face dark with anger.

"Be quiet, Manuel."

She turned to the old woman. "For a long time I have teased Manuel that he does not have a car like Tony Gomez. That he has to ride in the old one of Pancho. And I have told him that Tony has invited me to go for a ride in his car with him, and that I would like to go. Manuel has become very angry. And the idea has come to him that if he had a car, then I could ride in it, and that would make me happy and I would like him better than Tony Gomez. But he did not steal this car, he just borrowed it, so that he could take me for a ride in it." The girl's voice trailed off as she became aware of Maria's glare.

"You are a bad girl, Dolores Garcia, already to be taunting men."

The girl's face crumpled as if for tears, and she turned and ran from the room.

"You, Manuel Peralta. Are you not ashamed of yourself? To be so foolish and so bad." Maria knew inside herself that these were not good things to say, but somehow she relished her anger. "And now you are in the jail—because of a car," she added reflectively. "It is cars that cause all the trouble in this family. Your parents—" She crossed herself hastily.

Manuel turned away with a jerking motion.

"How else can I get a car of my own but steal it? I know boys who drive to school in their own cars—new, shiny cars. I will never have a car. I don't have a father who is rich, who will give me money to buy a car. I have only an old grandmother who works as a scrubwoman in other peoples' houses."

It hurt, that.

"I have never been afraid to work for what I wanted. You could have earned money to buy a car."

"I couldn't even do that, I bet. I can't get a good job—I can only work in the packing house. I couldn't go to college if I wanted—I might as well go to jail."

"Manuel, you have never talked this way before."

"I have thought it."

"It is those bad boys you have for your friends. They have put these ideas in your head."

"They aren't bad. How do you know if they're bad? You're just—"

"Ha—I know, that Al Rosas and Eddie—they have meanness in them. Oh—I have told you this before."

Manuel was silent. His face had washed dusty yellow these days, and his upper lip bore a shadow of dark fuzz. Then he said in a weary tone:

"It doesn't make any difference anyway."

"If it made no difference, maybe you would not be here," she said cruelly.

There was the thought again, the new sharp one.

"Manuel, you are going to go to the reform school. The police, they are sending you to the reform school."

Manuel was shaking, and his eyes were bleak.

"Don't you think I know it? Why don't you go home and leave me alone?"

"I am sorry, Manuelito."

The thoughts were coming too fast. I am just an old woman, maybe that is why I cannot think what to tell Manuel.

Henry Gonzales had known the answer partly, but not all. And she could not find the rest of it.

There were the policemen in it, and the shame of the stolen car.

And it has something to do with this, too, Maria thought to herself, and the darkness of their ways and their streets. And the Dollar Day and the big new windows, and the rusty streetcars, and the face of Dolores Garcia.

And it has something to do with this, too, Maria thought to herself, touching the mantilla, with pride—and with beauty.

And love—that was in it—having something to love and to hold to.

The old ways, her old ways, they were in it, and the new ways of the town—and Manuel somewhere in between.

The answer was almost there, but suddenly slipped away, and she stood staring dully at the boy. Then she held out to him the bundle she had been holding in her hand since she left the house.

"Here are your clothes. And the toothbrush. I bought you a new toothbrush. And your jacket—" The bright shiny one, out of red and yellow satin, because we could not afford a black leather one like the jacket of Eddie Aguilar, and you begged for it so.

"I do not think you will need it for a while." It was a poor little joke, but then she was not very good at making jokes.

Manuel smiled a little. "Gracias, abuelita."

"I would have brought your good suit, but there was a spot on it, and I did not have time to get it out."

"That's all right, grandmother. I don't need it."

"I will bring it tomorrow."

"Don't bother." His voice strained. But he kept it low.

"I will bring it."

"Oh—O.K."

"It is warm now, but later on you will need it and . . ."

The words trailed off. Because Maria suddenly realized why it was that she could not think what to tell Manuel.

It was that the answer to this was different for everyone. That Manuel would have to find his answer for himself. Maybe it was that this was the place he must come to find it.

Then the policeman came back and Manuel had to go. He walked out the door with his head bent, and the jacket over his arm, like a misplaced banner.

Old Maria turned, and walked down the dark hall. The thoughts were still there, but she would have a long time to think them. In the bright street an embryonic breeze was stirring, and she shifted the mantilla closer beneath her chin. "Diablo," she thought. "Maybe it is the end of the hot spell."

BACKYARD DREAMLAND

By Sue Colborn

*Outside the window, there in the yard,
Where you left your rusting toys,
Near the soft velvet Iris bed,
Is Mother Elfin's land for sleeping boys.*

*Yes, Mother Elfin loves her boys.
She waits there every night,
For you, my son, to say your prayers,
And me to snap the light.*

*She is all a lady-elf should be—
With eyes like dewey violets enshrined
In skin the color of a maple tree,
With little wrinkeld ski-jump of a nose,
And petal-thin lips the color of baby toes.*

*Her fingers are like spotted fawns—
Soft and quiet, then quick and free.
Her spirit is like sparkling ginger ale
That nips and tickles the drinker's nose.
But best of all, it has been said,
Her heart is made of pure pink cherry blossoms.*

*The first night breeze comes to ruffle and
Play in her long silver hair.
The moon peeps over the roof and smiles,
While a thousand little stars bow and
Wink in silent greeting from their wings of sky.
The turned-up points of red elfin shoes
Do not quite reach the ground,
As she sways upon the lowest leaf
Of marigold, there in flower-town.*

*She's waiting to take you
On her special evening tour.
She'll show you how the snails line up at night
Like am-tracs on inspection beach.
You'll see the army camps of ants,
With sentries pacing plain in sight;
You might crash some beetle-parties,
Where jolly polker-players sip
Their root-beer floats until it's light.*

*You'll pass the folded wings of butterflies,
Making flowers their beds for sleep .
Perhaps the Mother Elfin will, if you are on your best,
Take you to the Garden Symphony, present you
To the cricket, the conductor of the Bowl.
And then, who knows, the black-eyed gopher
May invite you down into his hole.*

*The sandman is selling backyard dreamland tickets now,
And the time is right.
Time for me to get back to my papers, pipe, and wife.
God bless you, son. Goodnight.*

Letters from Diane

By Diane D'Alfonzo

Heidelberg, Germany

DEAR CHO,

The Grand Tour has started, and we are visiting the countries which have been termed "the continent." However, we have yet to see an abundance of tourists, that is, if you discount the occupied forces. West Germany is still not one of the post-war touring countries.

Our journey through Germany has been hectic. To attempt to sort out any impressions of the trip, so far, is rather difficult. First, we haven't stayed long enough in one place to assimilate its atmosphere; and second, we are traveling by bus and the jolting and jogging knock any remembrances out of the brain. But the impression I will bring back with me is the struggle these people have had, and the job they are doing to rise above the lot of the vanquished. You hear quite a bit about the new Germany, especially from the students. It is a country which is once more in good physical and economic shape. For example, the Deutsche Mark is one of the most stable European currencies. Ruined cities and towns have been or still are being remodeled although the degree often depends on the zone in which they are located. Historic buildings are carefully restored wherever possible but there is also an ambitious modern building program. This contrast between the very old and the ultra-modern is remarkable. In Bonn, for example, you walk along the narrow streets between high shuttered homes and shops, each with colorful geraniums in window boxes, into the bright sunlight reflected from the modern, clean-cut, functional Chancellery buildings. Here is the combination of the past—the home of Beethoven—and the future—the home of the new German government.

Mark Twain, I believe, described Germany as a "beautiful country of infinite variety." From the small medieval cities of Bavaria to the industrial cities of the Hanseatic league; from the rolling farmlands and vineyards to the Black Forest; from the castles on the Rhine to the modern homes in Hamburg's suburbs; from the small wayside shrines to the Cologne cathedral; Germany does offer variety.

We have enjoyed this variety from the moment we arrived. Our interest started in Hamburg where we attended the International Horticulture Exhibition and stayed in an old sailing vessel tied to the wharf. From there we went to Cologne and climbed the hardest steps I have yet to ascend, (in every city we have climbed to the top of something, for the view) to the top of the cathedral.

There, among the spires, you could see the Rhine and the ruins. And you breathed a prayer of thankfulness that our bombardiers had good aim and didn't destroy this magnificent Gothic house of God. It was hit seventeen times; but only one section was partially destroyed.

A trip to Germany is not complete without the boat trip on the Rhine. This is a cameraman's holiday, to slowly wind between the terraced vineyards and castles. It is a mysterious, warm region of beautiful scenery. With each point of interest, there is a legend. One of my favorites is the story of the "Drachenfels," Dragon rock, in the Seven Hills. During the early days of Christianity, the tribes on the left side of the Rhine had accepted the word of Christ while those on the other side had not. These warring, pagan tribes crossed the Rhine and captured a Christian maiden. Two chieftains desired her; so in order to prevent strife within the tribe, the high priest decreed that she must be sacrificed to Woden. The maiden was taken to the top of the mountain and tied to Woden's tree. A dragon lived in this mountain and he was the means used for the sacrifice. As the dragon came forward, spitting fire and showing his gaping mouth, the maiden brought forth a crucifix and called for God's aid. The dragon shuddered and fell into the river below. The heathens were astonished and realized that the maiden's God was greater than theirs. The story ends happily, of course, she converted the tribe and married the younger chieftain.

With this memory, we left the Rhineland and entered the fairy-like country of Bavaria. The golden hayfields, where an entire family will work side-by-side; the quaint inns, where you stop to eat sizzling hot sausages and red cabbage; the men in their "Lederhosen," the short leather pants that mellow with age and are not considered worth their while until they can literally stand alone—all this is Bavaria. Our stay for the northern part of this section was Rothenburg ob der Tauber. It has been called the "jewel of the middle ages" and it is truly a medieval gem. Its little red-roofed houses, its narrow streets are cozily curled up inside its ancient walls. The shops are still known by their guild signs and the people seem to come from the past. This town, with its typical Bavarian architecture of white stucco and external wooden beams, is made up almost completely of artists who work with their hands, in copper, glass, silver, and cloth. It is one of the centers for "borden," those colorful borders with hearts and deer-folk-symbols, marching across them. The only blot, on this otherwise perfect medieval picture, was the proprietor of our hotel—he had lived in San Francisco.

Now we are in the city of Prince Karl, with its Old Town crowded between the Neckar River and a towering castle. Here is the oldest university in Germany and the Red Ox Inn. It is still a charming city, but how can you hear the strains of the Student Marching Song when the U. S. Army is surrounding you?

And so we leave West Germany, a little tired of sausages, but with the pleasant memories of the small wine cave above Königs-winter, of the "gasthaus" in Rüdesheim, of the baths at Wiesbaden and with a better understanding of the German "Gemütlichkeit."

Auf wiedersehen,

DIANE

Neuchatel, Switzerland

DEAR CHO,

What a perfect end to our visit in Switzerland. We were given the choice of spending these last few days in Zurich or Neuchatel. As you might have noticed, we chose the latter; because we wanted to see the country and *its* people, not all the other tourists who are so evident in this resort country.

It has been a wise choice. Neuchatel is a small city located in the French section of Switzerland, bordered by a lake and the ever-present mountains. Since the moment we were greeted at the City Hall by the mayor and offered "le vin de hospitalité," our visit has been restful and enjoyable. To give you an indication of the famous Swiss hospitality—at lunch a dignified gentleman noticed that our table was bare of the necessary wine. He presented us with the vintage of the area in order that we could enjoy our stay. Yesterday, the Swiss students piled us in their small cars and drove us into the mountains. We stopped at many small farms and at each were offered small, wafer-like, flower shaped pastries covered with gobs of whipped cream. This evening we had "fondue." It is the national cheese dish. Besides being very tasty, it is ideal for a winter buffet dinner. It is cheese and wine, kept simmering in huge kettles on the table. You are given french rolls and a fork—and dip in.

Today is the Swiss Independence Day (August 1st) and Neuchatel is like any small city at home on the Fourth, with fireworks, parades, speeches, and bands. To show you how glad they are that Marilyn and I are here—the band has played the Stanford Fight Song at least five times. The mayor is a graduate of "the farm!"

Switzerland has been called the tourist center of the world. The tourist trade is one of the country's major industries and the Swiss have organized it as carefully as they assemble a watch. Customs and immigration formalities are kept at a minimum, but are more exact than in some other countries; trains run exactly on schedule, and there are more hotel rooms per capita than in any other country in the world. Everyone is prepared to show you, the visitor, what a wonderful country it is.

It is wonderful, in more ways than one. Do you know that included in the limited area of the Swiss Federation there exists al-

most every factor that makes for wars among nations—differences in culture, language (there are four national languages—German, French, Italian, and Romansch), and religion (There are two state religions—Protestant and Catholic) economic rivalries, historical strifes and bitterness. The last civil war was about a century ago, and even today the citizens of various cantons probably do not like each other. The fact that they have subjected their differences to national unity does give hope that perhaps international government can work. This information comes as a courtesy from the political scientist who accompanies me (editor's note— Marilyn Rudy, a former Mount student).

It is a military prepared country. Each man spends four months in the army, followed by a yearly, three week training period. He keeps his uniform, gun, and ammunition at home. The entire force can be mobilized in twenty-four hours. The Alps are completely fortified and filled with the necessary provisions to outlast a siege of from five to eight years. When you realize that Switzerland is located in the center of the transportation and communications systems between Northern and Southern Europe, it is understandable why it always remains neutral.

Since Switzerland is the tourist capitol I should mention some of the spots where we behaved as sight-seers. Bern, the capitol and one of Europe's smallest, is picturesque and largely medieval. The center of the city has many handsome towers, including a clock tower where everything happens when it strikes the hour. There are sixteenth century fountains; gaily painted statues; and cute shops. The Cathedral is known for its carved "Last Judgment" over the main entrance. Basel is Switzerland's Golden Gate—the entrance from Germany. It is an industrial city and the sea port, on the Rhine. Lucerne, on the other hand, is the vacation center of the country. It is located on the lake of the same name which is shaped somewhat like a four-leaf clover. It is a beautiful spot, the mountains leaping from the lake into the heavens. We traveled across it to Weggis (remember the folk dance) one evening—the glass surface was rippled only by our movement; the shoreline, with pines to the water, was broken now and then by a light; and the stars were the brilliant ones you find only from the mountains. It was so still and peaceful. With fifteen people crowded on a boat you would expect some noise, but we whispered, overwhelmed, perhaps, with the immensity of nature.

Interlaken, a tourist must, is the gateway to the snow and glacier world of the Bernese Alps. From here, we took a cog railway to the highest terminal in Europe, the Jungfrauoch (approximately 11,500 feet above sea level). It travels through magnificent valleys where you see and hear the cows with the musical bells, and watch small chalets clinging precariously to the mountainside, and look down into small meadows and farms inclosed by pine forests. Nor-

way was blue, Switzerland is green—the emerald of the meadows, the darker shade of the pines, and finally the menacing blue-green of sheer mountain cliffs. You go up until you come to the beginning of the white of the glaciers, and then into an engineering marvel, a tunnel through the glaciers with windows cut into its side to show you a breathtaking vista of this uninhabited world. At the terminal it is like being on top of the world—snow around you, clouds below and above you. It is bright, glarey, and quiet with only the sound of voices muffled between the jagged peaks.

A final observation before I leave you here. You cannot help comparing the scenic beauty of this country with that of Norway. Both are lands of water, mountains, and snow. Yet, Switzerland's grandeur is softer, more civilized, and for tourists only. Norway is only God's creation in its ruggedness.

Paris, France

DEAR CHO,

To most people the spot which symbolizes "going abroad" is this city on the Seine. From speaking to other tourists it seems that if you don't visit Paris, you have not been abroad; and if your stay in Europe amounts to only two days and they are spent in Paris, you have been abroad. It isn't exactly fair to the other cities in Europe, but it is understandable. Paris just isn't any city—it is a state of mind, an exhilaration of spirit. Scuffing through the fallen yellows and browns of the horse chestnut leaves, becomes exciting and adventurous, not just an ordinary, occurrence. Yes, Paris is a stimulating city which is alive, not only in the treasures of the past, but in the immediate present.

How to describe this city? The best way to see it is on your two feet, so shall we take a walk? Let us begin at the Arc de Triomphe, Napoleon's greatest monument to himself. It is set in the middle of a great star, from which radiate the most beautiful avenues of Paris. As you walk down the Champs Elysees, pass the hugh and glittering cafés, the auto showrooms, the smart shops, you don't feel at all like a stranger because everybody's doing the same thing. Soon you come to the Rond-Point—how a point can be round is beyond my comprehension—which marks the end of the shopping area but the beginning of lovely fountains and flower gardens. At the end of the avenue you come to a square of perfect symmetry, the Place de la Concorde. If you take this walk in the late afternoon, as we did, look back and the red-gold clouds of the sunset will outline the Eiffel Tower.

Another day you can walk along the quais of the Seine, browsing among the bookstalls and watching the fishermen who never seem to catch anything. From here we can cross over the "Pont Neuf," so-called because it was built as recently as the first part of the seven-

teenth century, to the "Ile de la Cité," site of the original city of the thirteenth century. Now we are in the square before Notre Dame checking to see if the gargoyles are real. Inside we make our three wishes and then marvel at the rose windows.

But for a magnificent view of the city it is best to climb the stairs to Sacre Coeur, a shining white church of Byzantine design, where there is perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Stand here and watch the lights go on below you. It is many times more spectacular than the view of Los Angeles from the Mount. Right at the side of Sacre Coeur is the Monmartre, a little village that has survived the centuries in the midst of the city and has been made famous by its tiny restaurants and artist colony.

By this time you probably think that walking is the only means of transportation in the "City of Light." Of course, if you want to arrive at your destination a nervous wreck and many francs lighter, you can travel by taxi. But the best way is the Metro, the incomparable subway. Without knowing a word of French, you can travel all over Paris, underground, of course, for a few francs.

I still haven't mentioned the two most important attractions of Paris, the museums and the night life. The Louvre, a huge horse-shoe-shaped building, is a place where a lover of art or a browser among the ancients could happily spend her entire vacation. Its miles of galleries are as bad as the Pentagon. It is very easy to get lost while trying to find the "Mona Lisa" or "Venus de Milo." There is a museum devoted to the moderns and another to the impressionists. The latter was my favorite. It is a small place, located at the entrance of the Tuileries Gardens, but it shows the growth and development of the school which gave us Degas, Monet, Lautrec, and others.

The night life is another thing all together. There are the famous spots as the Lido and the Moulin Rouge with hour-long floor shows. There are the small, dark spots near the Bastille where the Apaches come back to entertain the tourist. There are the private clubs which tourists seldom enter, but which offer marvelous shows. There is the Opera, the Ballet, and even the Folies (for tourist only). Suffice to say, we don't spend too many evenings at the hotel.

But please, there are other parts of France. Nice was our home-base for the Cote d'Azur. The brilliant blue of the bay, the smart cafés along the Promenade, the view of the coastline from the hills, helped to make understandable why the Riviera is the playground of the "international set." What a facade of life! At any time you expect the bubble to burst. The air was too clear, the excitement too intense to offer anything but the superficial attitudes of our world.

This was such a contrast to Lourdes. Its location is also superb.

A small city tucked between the Pyrenees where you cannot escape the sound of rushing streams. But that is the only sound, all else is quiet and peaceful. Taking part in a candlelight procession will be one of the highpoints of the trip, in my memory. The faith, of which we are a part, is exemplified in the simpleness and purity of this shrine. Lourdes is not included in a "grand tour" but, to me, it symbolizes the spirit which has made Europe the home of Western Civilization.

Au revoir,

DIANE

London, England

DEAR CHO,

This is like being at home. Not only because the language has some resemblance to ours, or that the food is plain and resembles boarding school; but because, now I'm finally able to see the locales of all those works we waded through in English Lit.

London is like any other city. However, instead of being a gourmet's paradise as Paris or Rome, it is a theater-lover's heaven. Some forty-odd plays and musicals are showing in and around Drury Lane and, unlike New York, it is possible to purchase reasonably priced seats. So far we have seen Eliot's *Confidential Clerk* and *The King and I*. The main difference in attending a play here and in the States, is the complete tea which is brought to your seat during intermission.

The only remains of the blitz, now that rationing is over, are the empty spots between buildings that have been cleared and turned into "bomb site" parking lots. Everything seems to need a scrubbing and paint job, but slowly the city is actively dressing up again. It is a bustling city, everyone going about his business at a good pace. In Paris, the women were the best dressed; but along the Strand it is the men.

The most confusing aspect of our stay is the English system of currency. There is a hayp'n'y ($\frac{1}{2}$ d), penny (1d), thruppence (3d), sixpence (6d), shilling (1/), half-crown (2/6), and pound (£). Now a pound, which contains twenty shillings, is often called a "quid;" a shilling, a "bob." As for a guinea, there is no such coin or bank-note but it amounts to one pound plus one shilling (£ 1.1/). Are you confused. We are. We just hand the salesman some coins and let the English figure it out.

Of course this is the city of pageantry—from the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace to the Beefeaters in their Tudor uniforms at the Tower of London. The English are very aware of their past. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are filled with statues to the dead heroes of the empire (instead of saints). In the

awcourts and House of Lords powdered wigs are still used. They have a history to be proud of, it is true. But how contradictory can you be? In the Abbey there are two side chapels opposite to each other. In one there is a beautiful tomb to Queen Elizabeth; in the other, a like tomb to Mary, Queen of Scots!

What I have enjoyed most was our drive through the countryside and into Scotland. This is England. We drove through the Cotswolds, a delightfully preserved rural area where you can taste fully the old glory of the English village with its thatched roofs, low-ceilinged rooms, and meticulously cared-for gardens. Oxford is a center of culture, which has kept its medieval, monastic character through the ages. The combined forces of history, of the luster of college lawns, of the grace of quadrangles, spires, and bridges, of the beauty of St. John's College and Magdalen, would, I think, charm any visitor. Perhaps it is this spell which has given the university the influence to shape men's minds to such a great extent.

This spell, to which you submit, as you drive through the rural areas, becomes more pronounced as you enter Stratford-on-Avon. But then, who, in the English-speaking world, would not come filled with awe, to this historic city. It is Shakespeare's own town and thrives on the fact. His house, his grave, Anne Hathaway's cottage show you the Shakespeare of the past; the modern Memorial Theater on the banks of the Avon, brings you Shakespeare in his glory. Can you picture a perfect evening in Stratford? It is to attend *The Merchant of Venice*, performed by a superb cast; to return to a picturesque inn in the rain; and to sit in front of a cheery fire in a room, redolent of polished wood and brass and worn leather chairs to have a "spot of tea."

Next we drove north to the Lake District, passing Birbingham and Leeds with their workingmen's brick homes, all alike and reminiscent of Baltimore. After visiting Keswick, Windemere, and Grasmere, I began to understand why the early Romantics wrote of nature. It is a sad region under a canopy of rain but it reflects the calm, the tranquility, and the melancholy of Wordsworth's poetry.

From Edinburgh—very cold and damp but invigorating and joyful—we traveled southward through Northumberland into York. The Minster is one of the most imposing churches I have seen, but very cold. On the other hand, the Shambles, a cobbled alleyway, where the upper stories of the buildings overhang the narrow street, is quaint and warm with movement. Onward we traveled to Lincoln and Nottingham. We never did meet Robin Hood but we did stop at an ancient inn, "Ye trip to Jerusalem," which claims to have enjoyed the patronage of the Crusaders, toward the close of the twelfth century. Just outside of Nottingham is Newstead Abbey, the home of Byron with huge lawns sloping to a small lake. Finally we came to

Cambridge and wandered, with the black robed students through King's College and Trinity.

We were very fortunate to be able to drive through England, even though I always ended on the right side of the road. In London you can visit the British Museum and examine the original manuscripts of Wordsworth or Byron, but only by driving about this "tight little isle" can you understand their greatness.

In spite of the weather, the money perplexities, and the left-hand drive, Great Britain has proven to be very enjoyable. But I will admit that, if I hadn't been seeped in the literature of this country, I wouldn't have enjoyed it, at all. It is too much like home.

DIANE

Alumnae News

On Sunday, February 6, the annual Alumnae Home Coming event reflected credit on its planners and committee. An innovation was the invitation to parents and husbands to participate and make the affair a real family reunion. The idea proved quite popular.

A feature of the afternoon was a talk on World Affairs by a guest speaker Hon. Howard Zeiman, invited by the president, Mrs. Paul Regan. Mr. Zeiman emphasized the part our Catholic Alumnae should play in world affairs, to make their interest in our country's welfare a tangible contribution.

A voluntary offering toward the building fund was suggested and met with a favorable response.

Among wedding invitations received since the last issue are that of: NANCY GALT to Chester Haynowski at St. Brendan's Church, Los Angeles; of PATRICIA QUINN to John Edward Hart, at St. Augustine's Church, Culver City; and of CLAIRE JONES to Henry Martin at St. Gregory's Church, Los Angeles.

ELLEN GARRECHT M.D. at present a resident physician at Children's Hospital, San Francisco has accepted a residency at Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, where she is specializing in gynecology and obstetrics. It has the largest number of patients in these fields in the United States.

